

WORD OF THE LORD

Eloquent Sermon by the Great Brooklyn Preacher.

WORSHIP AS A BUSINESS

A Reply to the Query, "What Is the Church?"—It Should Be a Great, Practical Occupant Help.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 15.—The character of the hymns given out by Rev. Dr. Tallmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon called for the unusual power of congregational singing. Organ and organ and the voices of the thousands of worshippers made the place resound with music. The subject was "Helpful Churches," the text being Psalms xx. 3, "Send thine help from the sanctuary."

If you should ask 50 men what the church is, they would give you 50 different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine dispositions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arena where the theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot."

Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musical warble, and the Danse Macabre in gloomy imagery." Another man would say: "It is the best place in earth except my own home. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, my friends, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be—a great, practical, honest, omnipotent help. "Send these help from the sanctuary." The pews ought to yield restfulness to the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the soul and strength of everyday life. The Sabbath ought to be harmonized to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshippers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abashed, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated.

By the time the Sabbath comes he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and turn it into petition. The business man sits down in church headache from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off and garrisoned diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to wash clear over the hurricane decks and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

SABBATH SONGS.

In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered: "I must sing. I am only practicing for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for mimic in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were stringing and thrumming our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go into a concert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take a part in the great orchestra of heaven if we do not rehearse here? But I am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the world to music. We want not more harmony, nor more artistic expression, but more volume in our church music.

Now I am no worshiper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would, with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice, sing the songs of Zion this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be? All the movements of life might be drowned out of that sacred song. You tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dare buck the great Mississippi of congregational singing and let a few drops of melody trickle through the diana. I say, take away their way in the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible volume.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as a help—a practical help. In order to do this we must only have a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for 50 years. The Episcopal church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year and century after century. For that reason, they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Is not that in that way we come to the fullness of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cope and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts.

Suppose now such persons in this audience are brought all the annoyances of the last 50 days. Fill this room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the 50 days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet and harp, by storm like the ocean, and sea of the world. If you ever sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer you will bring good cheer to your own heart. When I combed Ireland, Ireland was besieged, many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down, with bugle and drum, to board the vessel, and to besiege, by storm like the ocean, and sea of the world. If you ever sing for yourself, sing for others. This exercise is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative effectively cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 and 100 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Now, my friends, the old style of church will not do the work. We might as well

now try to take all the passengers from New York to Buffalo by stage coach, or all the passengers from Albany to Buffalo by canal boat, or to do all the battling of the world with bow and arrow, as with the old style of church to meet the exigencies of this day. Unless the church in our day will adapt itself to the time it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, in alert, picturesque and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath hymns.

We have no objections to bands and surplices and all the paraphernalia of clerical life, but these things make no impression, no more impression on the great masses of the people than the ordinary business suit that you wear in Wall street. A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes, and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from the saddlebag and in his lines duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian sequence. No new gospel, only the old gospel in a way suited to the time. No new church, but a church to be the asylum, the inspiration, the practical sympathy and the eternal help of the people.

Let these refuse to sing. Who never knew our God, But children of the heavenly king Should speak their joys abroad.

THE DISCUSSION.

Again I remark that sanctuary help ought to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in this or any other audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? Do you guess 500? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people in this audience there are just 1,000 who need sympathetic help. These young people want just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatism, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world. But I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people.

We want to have the exhilaration of a dying child in England, the father telling me the story. When he said to her, "Is the path narrow?" she answered: "The path is narrow. It is so narrow that I cannot walk arm in arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead and he says, 'Mary, wait.' Through these church gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. The earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two crutches. Now they have eternal juvencence. Or they were so young they could not walk except as the maternal hand guided them. Now they bound with the hilarities celestial.

The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonary disorder, but now they have no fatigue and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had about enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draft from the fountains of heaven would do you good. Complete release, you should stand very well. If you got on the other side and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back and join your friends on earth, you would say, "No, let me tarry here until they come. I shall not risk going back. If a man reaches heaven, he had better stay there."

Oh, I join hands with you this morning in that uplifted splendor!

When the shore is won at last,
Will we count the billows past?

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree 400 years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About 10 miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the 10 miles that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry, "Victory!" and dropped dead. The tree branch and it grew to be a great tree, 20 feet in circumference, and the remains of that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry, "Victory!" and dropped dead.

This proposal may not be helpful alike to all if it is a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be help for every one somewhere. We go into an apothecary store. We see others waiting on. We do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine. We know our turn will come after awhile. And so, while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait patiently before the sermon is through we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who come here Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are going to preach the gospel—these theological students—I say to them, we want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity.

What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailor's Bethel at Boston, the sailors felt that they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

NECESSITY FOR PRAYER.

Again I remark that sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the people. The door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge—a gold hinge, the hinge of prayer—and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. There are here many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for 10 years. What will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memories?

Here are people in crisis of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair or wild blundering or theft or suicide. What will your prayer do for them this morning in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove that you put to your forehead while you pray? Will you be chiefly critical of the rheum of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel, "That prayer is for me," and at every step of the way will the pastor's petitions be a hindrance to the progress of the church.

When shall these eyes thy heaven behold
And earthly gates behind,
Thy holiness with salvation strong
And streets of shining gold?



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principle enlivened in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative effectively cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation.

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Men who are high and dry on the

market are brought all the annoyances of the last 50 days.

Fill this room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the 50 days, and you would drown them out forever.

Organ and cornet and harp, by storm like the ocean, and sea of the world.

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